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provement. And it would not surprise me if some such were to suggest that I was not altogether serious and sincere in my proposal. I will only say, that in my estimation, this is not a subject to trifle about, and that a disinterested regard for the best interests of the community, and the advancement of this institution upon the most solid and beneficial grounds, could alone have induced me to come forward with the foregoing observations.



ORIGINAL POETRY.



MR. EDITOR,

I KNOW not that the attempt has ever been made, by any of the various translators of Horace, to give his *Sapphics* an English dress in the same metre.—I send you the following rather as a *curiosity*, than as a specimen of elegant poetry. I believe, however, the version will be found tolerably correct. If you think it worthy of putting in type, you will, by publishing it, oblige
B. —

Horace, Ode II. B. I. Translated.

Jam satis terris, nivis atque diræ, &c.

AMPLY, already, has the sire of thunder
Sent down his tempests, driving sleet and hailstones,
Tossed our tall towers, with flaming hand, and scatter'd
Fear through the city.

Trembled the nations, lest the times of Pyrrha,
Fraught with strange omens, should return upon them,
When hoary Proteus drove his herds to wander
O'er the tall mountains.

When to the *elm tops*, clung the scaly millions ;
(Seats where the ring doves often lov'd t' assemble.)
And in the sea above them, swam the wild does,
Trembling with terror !

Driven back with fury from the Tuscan ocean
Turbid and swelling, have we seen the Tiber
Prostrate the shrine of Numa, and the temples
Sacred to Vesta.

River uxorious ! proud to be th' avenger
Of the fair Illia, his complaining consort ;
On his left bank he pours his whelming waters
Lawless and daring.

Thinned by paternal vices, future ages,
Wondering, shall hear of civil strife and battles ;
Ah ! had that ill-directed valour rather
Tamed the proud Persians !

Say, to what God, shall this our falling empire
Call for assistance ?—With what invocation
Shall the chaste ear of unregarding Vesta
Bow to her Virgins ?

Whom wilt thou choose, eternal sire of nations !
All our past guilt to expiate ?—Be present,
Veiling thy shoulders with a cloudy mantle,
Phœbus prophetick !

Or, by the loves, and sportive mirth surrounded
Thou rather, laughter-loving queen of Eryx !—
Or, thy neglected race, at length regarding,
Mars our stern founder,

Mars, with unceasing strife, and battle sated,—
Thou whom dire tumults please, and shining helmets ;
And the stern visage of the Moorish soldier,
On the foe glaring !

Or if Cyllenius, thou, to earth descending,
Change thy celestial, for a human figure,
Glowing with youth, and willing to be titled,
Cæsar's avenger !

Late mayst thou seek the skies, and long remaining
Shed thy kind blessings on the Roman nation ;
Nor mayst thou soon with growing crimes offended
Leave us unaided.

Here, may it please, to gain unequalled triumphs—
Here, mayst thou love the names of *Sire* and sov'reign,
Nor the fierce Medes, to rob, unpunish'd suffer,
Thou, Cæsar, ruling !